

LYNN IDEA NEW SUFFRAGE MOVE

There Men, with Thirty
Organizations, Promise
to Carry City.

UNIONS PROMINENT IN THE MOVEMENT

"Jekyll and Hyde Friends of
Women Only Foes," Says
Men's Leader.

This is the fourth in the series of
articles on the suffrage outlook in
Massachusetts.

By EMMA BUEBEE.

Lynn, Mass., Oct. 8.—The only city in Massachusetts where men have taken a lead in the suffrage campaign is here. Here the women are being just as helpful and as obliging as possible, but it is the men who are doing the heavy lifting. This city of 100,000 people is now voting for women. Thirty organizations of men, representing all trades, from workers in the shoe factories to the grocers' clerks, have organized the Lynn Equal Suffrage Federation, which is running its own campaign.

"We are a city of 'jiners' your Lynn men laugh. 'We 'jined' everything that comes along. We 'jined' the Progressives so hard in 1912 that we carried the city, and now we've all 'jined' hands to carry this city for the women."

Each trade union local and each fraternal order or temperance society or whatever else it is that men form sends five representatives to the central committee, who conduct the business of the campaign. The federation was the invention of an astute local politician, who used it for another purpose in the beginning, but it has proved equally efficient for the suffrage cause. The great advantage is that the federation supplies its own orators, who put the cause to their fellow workmen in terms graduated to the masculine intelligence.

Masses Interesting Themselves. Both the organization and the orators are so useful that it is strange that suffrage workers in other towns have not copied the scheme. The great difficulty the suffragists have is in interesting the masses of men. Here in Lynn the masses are interesting themselves. The cause is spared the curse of those who dislike seeing a woman on the stump and has the psychological advantage of getting itself presented by men who are men among men.

Lynn suffragists are inclined to boast of their city. "Of course, you understand that Lynn has a much higher average of intelligence than an ordinary factory town," they say. "We have the largest per capita circulation of newspapers of any city in the country. We have more efficient schools than you have in New York. We aren't a mill city, remember. We are factory workers whose work requires a high grade of intelligence. We read the world in books and shoes."

Most eloquent of all Lynn's suffragists is the Hon. William P. Connerly, former mayor and now in local politics. "Bill," Connerly is the city's chief character; the man who sacrificed a big business to take a stand for no license—he kept the saloon out of Lynn for five years—and who cleans out dance halls or police headquarters with one hand. The man who has the hearts of the Irish workmen in the boleros of his big hands, while those who live in the "diamond block district" of the city—the wealthy—respect him. All this is behind his fight for suffrage.

Converts His Neighbors. "That's this I hear about you, Johnny," says his neighbor, "that you're going to vote against the woman?"

Johnny hangs his head before the man in Connerly's eyes.

"Woman's place is the home," he mutters.

"Now, see here, Johnny, you're a smart man and you've raised a fine family," says the boss of Connerly's crew. "Don't let me hear the other day about you buying another new house? And the daughters are still working in the factory? Getting big wages, aren't they? Been working for fifteen years and turned over most of their money to you, haven't they? Must have given you \$15,000 at least. You couldn't have bought all those houses without them, could you?"

"Now, Johnny, you're a just man. Think this over. Connerly will take these girls' money they earn in the shops, and then turn around and say their place is in the home? Where would you be if they had stayed at home? And when they make them money, they're the ones who are to keep them from the right to vote, so they'll have some say about the laws that control the conditions under which they work?"

Billy Connerly's eyes flash. His old friend squirms.

"Well, say, Bill, honest, I never thought of it that way," he admits. "I guess I'll have to change my mind."

Billy Connerly laughed as he told me that.

"That's the way I go to 'em," said he. "Put it up to them in terms of their own good wives and mothers and daughters, and they're for it every time."

Opponents Are Men Who Profit. The only men who are against it are the men who profit from women's disabilities.

The men who keep girls standing at their feet all day in department stores, the men who keep them working overtime in factories, and underpay them in offices—these are afraid to let the ballot into their hands. These are the ones who chatter, "Woman's place is the home. Do you know what I call that? A Jekyll and Mr. Hyde argument. They who are working overtime to keep the women out of the home are the only ones who are yelling that their place is in the home."

It is a fact we all know that 75 per cent of these women would prefer to be in their homes if they had them.

Billy Connerly talks suffrage all over Lynn. Wherever he meets a man he talks suffrage, however, at which all sorts of male orators hold forth. Among them are local lawyers, school principals and ministers.

The only men who aren't working for suffrage in Lynn are the bartenders and the men who are always against reform," said the boss, came as a surprise, for all these men were performing Wednesday night at the wedding was kept a secret until yesterday.

Miss Johnson met Jones on a visit to this city some time ago, and their

J. H. Tracy, secretary of the United Shoe Workers of America, "I don't know disinterested workman who is against it."

Carry? Of course it will carry, not only here but all over Massachusetts. This is the state where liberty was born, and we realize our obligations to 'noblesse oblige.' Moreover, it is written in our history that referendums usually carry. Most men don't know very much about government, and they argue this way about referendums: 'Here is something some fellows wanted hard enough to make a fuss about for forty years. There are very few men who will be dog in the manger and say the women shall not have it.'

"In this suffrage campaign they see a lot of women who have wanted something so hard that they have never stopped making a fuss about it for forty years. There are very few men who will be dog in the manger and say the women shall not have it."

S. H. JONES WEDS ATLANTA BEAUTY

Manufacturer and Southern Girl
Secretly Married at Cal-
vary Church.

Stewart Hill Jones, president of the Canadian Bronze Company, whose first marriage collapsed when he sued for divorce, charging that one of three sons "was tried to killing his child, has married again. The second ceremony, in which Miss Sallie Cobb Johnson, a society beauty of Atlanta, was

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New York Is More Alive and Stimulating Than France Ever Was, Say Two French Painters.

Albert Gleizes, Noted Cubist
Painter, and His Artist-Jour-
nalist Bride Also Assert That
War Was an Inevitable Climax
to a Life in Europe That Was
Too Charming a Circus to En-
dure.

By SARAH ADDINGTON.

WHEN the foremost Cubist painter of France and the artist daughter of a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a former minister of the French Cabinet and newspaper editor, marry and come to New York on their honeymoon, New York

presents a bit over the compliment, then looks anxiously into the faces of Monsieur and Mme. Albert Gleizes, and next, after hearing what these distinguished people say about her, smiles in sweet triumph. For:

"We think New York is more lively than France ever was, even before the war, and more stimulating," says Monsieur Gleizes in French; and his wife in English:

"Your city is beautiful! The lights, electric signs, most nourishing to artists. See!" Mme. Gleizes flung out a graceful arm to a huge drawing among all the other pictures of cubes and angles and blocks. "See, my husband has already started an impression of Broadway. We are greatly inspired to work here." She looked around the room deprecatingly. "Ah, a hotel room for a studio is rather difficult, but we must work."

Monsieur Gleizes looked at his wife, whose lean, dark beauty is a composite of an aristocracy that seems French, English and Japanese, and told her to tell me how very much he liked New York.

"You see, we're particularly grateful for benefits just now, for my husband was serving at the front until happily he fell ill."

And then came their opinions about this war and all wars, more especially the opinion of Mme. Gleizes, since her husband could only sit by and guess at what she was saying. Mme. Gleizes does not talk excitedly or mournfully about the great world tragedy; hers is rather an attitude of poise and resignation, and she got there, a slight figure, purple clad, and told me how unweighable it all was and incomprehensible.

"I don't quite know," she said, "what the elements of war are. It is a great melting pot of emotions, and anything may come of it. It has seemed, too, like a fateful, inevitable force, working just like gravity, pulling us down, down, whenever we soared too high."

"You know, we knew two or three years ago that something was going to happen. The French people felt that the climax had been reached, that the breaking point had come. Life had be-

come too easy, too charming. It could not go on, this refined, delightful circus. Tragedy was in the air; it tingled from one person to another; we were afraid of what we did not know. Then, like a prophecy fulfilled, came the awful fact."

This War Uninteresting. "And what an uninteresting war! A few men grabbing at each other's pockets for possession. Mere robbery. No larger, no more thrilling motive. I can see how an internal revolution might be good, how an uprising of people for a cause, for a conviction, might be the most salutary of movements, even if lives were lost. But this, ah! Stupid!"

"And even the discipline that war brings, the sobering, does not pay for the awful devastation. This rhythmic recurrence of a huge, horrible calamity is wrong, I feel sure, even if it does seem calculated. But I can't understand it, I can't. What can I say?"

Mme. Gleizes's father, Jules Roche, the director of "La République Française," has deputized his son-in-law to act as American correspondent for the paper while he is here. But Juliette Roche Gleizes herself, the correspondent of "Le Gaulois," would take this job away from her husband, for she would stop the publication of all newspapers during the war if she could. The statement was laughingly made, but she meant it seriously.

"The newspapers have done so much to incite and excite," she explained. "If they could have been stopped when the war first began we would be at peace now, I think." (She says "think" though her English is "English" English, pretty and precise.) "At any rate, the bulletins ought to govern affairs, merely; there is so much of misrepresentation and false interpretation. And editorialists are so harmful; it is too bad that such excitement has to exist all the time."

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"Yes," she agreed, "but it's all there—in smaller type, that's all. Our foreign newspapers have not reached the high standard that we have reached in other things. The press is such a tremendous power it ought to be used

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"We are feminists, you know, for we believe in equal artistic, industrial and economic opportunity for men and women, but we are not interested in the vote. If people must vote, then of course the women may, but I can't see that it is such a great boon. It's too busy a world, anyway. And we are trying to do too much."

From what people do to the much-criticized things Monsieur Gleizes is doing was a very short conversational step, Madame Gleizes showing a startling intellectual independence from her husband's expression in art.

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The party got to the St. Regis about 5:30 o'clock. Mrs. Galt's first question as she stepped into the lobby was: "Who won the game?"

When she learned that Alexander had pitched she was all smiles. She knows baseball and admires the Philadelphia team intensely. Rumor has it her sympathies will be with Philadelphia in the game she and the President will see today in the Quaker City.

She went immediately upstairs to dress for dinner at Colonel House's home. The President went to the House to dress, and then returned to the St. Regis for the ladies of the party. At dinner with Colonel and Mrs. House at their apartment were Mrs. Galt and the President, Mrs. Bolling, Mrs. Bones, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and a daughter of Colonel House; Dr. Grayson and Mr. Tumulty. After dinner the party, except Mr. Tumulty, left for the Empire Theatre. Mr. Tumulty entertained some friends at the Port Theatre.

The trip here from Washington yesterday was on board the private car Superb. In the Washington station quite a crowd had gathered to present a large and complimentary to the President and Mrs. Galt. Adolphus Green, the cook on board the car, who has cooked for Presidents for twenty-five years, had prepared a special Southern dish, and the President and Mrs. Galt had Maryland chicken, beaten biscuits, sweetbreads and Charlotte russe. To-day it is likely New York jewellers will send some gems to Colonel House's home. The President may select a gift for Mrs. Galt. Members of the party who came here from Washington yesterday, however, says this is unlikely—that the President probably will buy his engagement gift in the capital.

The President and his party will leave New York this morning for Philadelphia, arriving there in time to see the baseball game this afternoon. Boxes have been reserved, and it is probable Mr. Wilson will throw out the first ball. Secret Service men will accompany the party as usual and stick as closely to the President as they did yesterday.

Congratulations on the President's engagement continued to pour into the White House all day yesterday, including messages from the British and German ambassadors.

All of the audience had been seated, and the time for the curtain's rise was ten minutes overdue, when the President's party entered. Guarded on each side by Secret Service men, they entered the boxes. Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Galt, her mother, Mrs. H. H. Bolling, Miss Bones, the Chief Executive's cousin, and Colonel and Mrs. House taking the one further from the stage. The rest of the party, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Auchincloss, Dr. Grayson and Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Field Ma-

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